

A SERMON ON SUCKERS.

Well, you starnal-nation old half-witted numbskull, I wonder what in the Sam Hill you are howling about this time? Been taking another nibble at somebody's hook, I reckon.

Well, Uncle, as long as you insist on being a sucker, you oughtn't to blame anybody but yourself if you get caught once in awhile. It's the business of sharpers to catch suckers, because they believe that's what suckers were made for.

Maybe some time we will have a system of society that will protect you from your own ignorance, but for the present every fellow has to depend pretty much on his own resources. All who think themselves smart enough to skin you are going to try their best to do it, and it's up to you to prevent it if you can. What you need to do is to learn a little common hoss sense and quit being a sucker.

Suckers are people who bite at every tempting hook that is dangled before their noses, and they always get the worse of it. They merely see the bait, and it looks like something for nothing, and they jump at it without looking to see if there is a hook hidden behind it. But the hook is always there, and the sucker ain't long in finding it out.

Sarn'take your gullible gizzard, how much longer will it take you to learn that this old rattletrap of a world ain't in the habit of giving something for nothing? The slick ducks who get up these glowing propositions for you to bite at—what do they do it for? Do you think their love for you, whom they never saw nor heard of before, is strong enough to make them hunt you up and give you something for nothing? Well, hardly. You look fresh and green, and they have hopes of getting more out of you than they put into you, and that's why they are so eager to cultivate your friendship.

Yes sire—ee, Buddy, you can always mark it down that these here "sure things" will do to keep away from. They are just what the name implies—sure things all right, but sure for the other fellow. If he didn't have that all fixed solid to start with, he wouldn't be coming around hunting for you.

If you have been a sucker, now is a good time to quit it.

These here states what have just voted for Prohibition probably have a sensation in their gizzards sorter like a hoss-thief who has just got religion in one of Billy Sunday's meetings. And it will do just about as much good. Twelve months from now Billy's converts will be stealing more hosses and the "prohibition" states will be dog-drunk on moonshine likker. I know what I am talking about. North Carolina has had "prohibition" for a number of years, and I'll swear she drinks more likker and means likker than ever before.

Club Rates.

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

The Fool-Killer is now going on seven years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.



MRS. CORA PEARSON.

Dear Friends:

Some of you know me, and some of you don't. So I take the liberty to introduce myself to the readers of The Fool-Killer. I am the Editor's Wife. The above picture of me was made about twelve years ago, before I got sick. For the past ten or eleven years I have been almost an invalid most of the time, and I have suffered more than words can tell. Doctors and medicines failed to do me any permanent good, but by careful dieting and strict attention to all the known laws of health, I have managed during the past few months to improve my condition a good deal.

I can't do any regular work yet, but I like to have some interesting and useful thing to work at and think about whenever I feel like it. So I have undertaken to become a club-raiser for "COMFORT," the well-known family magazine, my object being to compete for a valuable prize which is offered to the person who sends in the largest number of subscriptions by a certain date.

No doubt most of you are well acquainted with Comfort, so it

needs no introduction. If you are already taking the magazine and expect to renew sometime soon, please send your renewal to me. Or if you will get up a club and send to me I will appreciate it very much. I will handle your money and your names carefully and send them straight on to Comfort. I won't get anything out of it except the advantage of having your names count on my list toward winning that prize. Knowing that you are all good friends to my husband, the editor of The Fool-Killer, I thought you might be glad to do this little favor for his sick wife. Please help me win, dear friends. You are my only hope in this matter, and I am depending on you.

The subscription rates of Comfort are as follows:

One year 25c
Three years 50c
Six years \$1.00

Comfort is a large and interesting monthly home magazine, containing 36 or more big pages each issue. It is the best cheap magazine published. Every family ought to get it. Send your remittance by postoffice or express money order, registered letter or check, and make all orders payable to:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
BOOMER, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"TOBACCO HABIT Easily Conquered" is the name of a wonderful book by M. MacLevy. Every tobacco slave should read this book. No drugs. Plain and simple rules for changing yourself from a slave into a master. Price \$1.25 net. Afro Society, 181 Lexington Ave., New York.

LIFE OF NAOMI WISE. A true story of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Johnathan Lewis at Randolph, Co., N. C., about 100 years ago. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the book which is neatly printed and substantially bound. All sent postpaid for 15 cents. NEWSUM BOOK CO., 315 Newsom Bldg., King, N. C.

LETTERS FROM THE FOLKS.

Drew Cunningham, R1, Wehadkee, Ala.—I want to become subscriber to The Fool-Killer. I stumbled upon one of your papers and was so pleased with it that I don't see how I can get through the world without it, and I have some neighbors that want it, too. So please send it at once. You will find enclosed money order for ninety cents. I think I can send in a few more names if you will send me a few copies to hand out.

Ray C. Quick, Marion, Ind.—By chance I came in contact with one of your valuable little papers, and after reading it through I handed it to some of my friends and was just about five minutes getting a club of seven. One paper is worth a year's subscription to any one. Please send it for one year to the enclosed addresses.

Ben Waggoner, Rosbud, Ark.—I am not a subscriber, but I got a paper from a friend, then just got out and rustled for you a bit, so here I come with eleven more moss-backs. Enclosed find money order for \$1.65. Rush the papers to them.

Geo. W. Neal, Coalmont, Ind.—For the enclosed 90 cents please send your paper for one year to this list. Some of them are high-school boys and need the medicine bad. I got their scalps in the barber-shop. Every sample meant a sub.

Mrs. W. L. Keenum, R1, Ashland, Texas.—Enclosed find club of five. Send the paper soon as you can. The last issue was enough to jar the hinges off the bad place. A few more copies like it will cause the scales to drop from the people's eyes.

J. H. Stamey, R3, Travellers Rest, S. C.—Accidentally a copy of your paper fell into my hands and I got up a club in a little while at a corn-shucking one night. Am sending you a club of nine, with money order to cover. Please send me a few sample copies to hand out.

James H. Burke, 42 Belmont St., Sta. A, Worcester, Mass.—I carry The Fool-Killer around in my pocket and show it to the Dabbs. They like it. Please send your next issue to these seven. Enclosed find \$1.05. Others will follow.

H. W. Lindsay, 79 Penn St., Huntingdon, Pa.—Here are seven more scales I got in no time, just for the asking. Look for more. I was looking over my little book and find I have sent you 89 subs. I must finish out the hundred soon. Start these this month as I promised.

Ernest L. Harris, Shelby, N. C.—I am sending you the names of five young men who are not too young to know a good thing when they see it, and not too old to have a good laugh once every 30 days or as often as The Fool-Killer arrives.

Robert M. Paul, Charlotte, N. C.—Please find enclosed one year's subscription to your paper. Would have subscribed long ago, but have just run across your paper. In fact, I never heard of it before, nor you town, either. Please send me this month's copy and some of your samples. Will be glad to get you more subscribers.

D. O. Stall, 115 Lisbon St., Wells-ville, Ohio.—Enclosed find check for \$4.50. Please mail The Fool-Killer and the accompanying addresses. A few loads of ammunition for your 42 centimeter gun, so fire away and let the good work go on.

A. S. Dixon, Smithville, Okla.—Find enclosed money order for \$1.20 for which send The Fool-Killer to each of the enclosed names, all of Smithville, Okla. As soon as I read the Devil's letter to them they began to hand me their 15 cents and their names. They want a copy if this month's paper is possible, and send me some samples. I can get a good many more subs.

J. Arthur Ross, R4, Bangor, Pa.—Here is another club of seven. Look for another from me in a short time. Wouldn't do without it. Am showing the paper to everyone I meet.